If any be, as truſt me none I know,
By planting *Lewis* in the Vſurpers roome:
That is the cauſe of all our preſence here,
This on the holy Altar we proteſt,
To aide the right of *Lewis* with goods and life,
Who on our knowledge is in armes for England.
What ſay you Lords?

Sal. As *Pembrooke* ſaith, affirmeth *Salisbury:*
Faire *Lewis* of France that ſpouſed Lady *Blanch*,
Hath title of an vncontrouled ſtrength
To England, and what longeth to the Crowne:
In right whereof, as we are true inform'd,
The Prince is marching hitherward in armes.
Our purpoſe, to conclude that with a word,
Is to inueſt him as we may deuiſe,
King of our countrey, in the tyrants ſtead:
And ſo the warrant on the Altar ſworne,
And ſo the intent for which we hither came.

Baſt. My Lord of *Salisbury*, I cannot couch
My ſpeeches with the needfull words of art,
As doth beſeeme in ſuch a waighty worke,
But what my conſcience and my duty will,
I purpoſe to impart:
For *Cheſters* exile, blame his buſie wit,
That medled where his duty quite forbade:
For any priuate cauſes that you haue,
Me thinkes they ſhould not mount to ſuch a height,
As to depoſe a King in their reuenge.
For *Arthurs* death, *K. John* was innocent,
He deſperate was the deathſman to himſelfe,
Which you, to make a colour to your crime,
Vniuſtly doe impute to his default,
But where ſel Traitoriſme hath reſidence,
There wants no words to ſet deſpight on worke.
I ſay tis ſhame, and worthy all reproofe,
To wreſt ſuch petty wrongs in tearmes of right,

Againſt

Againſt a King annointed by the Lord
Why *Salsburie* admit the wrongs are t
Yet ſubiects may not take in hand re
And rob the heauens of their prope
Where ſitteth hee to whom reuenge l
And doth a Pope, a Prieſt, a man of p
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull
What can he bleſſe, or who regards h
But ſuch as giue to man, and take fro
I ſpeake it in the ſight of God aboue,
Theres not a man that dyes in your b
But ſels his ſoule perpetually to paine
Aid *Lewis*, leaue God, kill *John*, pleaſe
Make hauock of the welfare of your
For heere I leaue you in the ſight of
A troope of traytors food for helliſh
If you deſiſt, then follow me as friend
If not then doe your worſt as hateful
For *Lewis* his right, alas tis too too la
A ſenſleſſe claime, if truth bee titles f
In briefe if this be cauſe of our reſort,
Our pilgrimage is to the Diuels ſhri
I came not Lords to troupe as tray to
Nor will I counſell in ſo bad a cauſe:
Pleaſe you returne, we goe againe as
If not, I to my King, & you where tra

Percie. A hot young man, and ſo n
I let him goe, and better loſt than fou

Pemb. What ſay you Lords, will
Will you all with me ſweare vpon th
That you'l to death, bee aid to *Lewis*
Euery man lay his hand by mine, in w
Well then, euery man to armes to me
Who is already before London.

Enter Meſſenger.

Pemb. What newes Herauld?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)